

VOL. XXXVIII. No. 977.

PUCK BUILDING, New York, November 27th, 1895.

PRICE 10 CENTS.

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BIG DISH BUT MIGHTY LITTLE TURKEY.

PUCK

BEFORE THE BALL.



WE'VE ORGANIZED a social club, we're goin' ter give a ball T'anksgivin' night, a maskerade in old Pythagoras Hall. Der orchester? Why, Foley's—you ought ter hear 'em play. A crowd 'll come ter make der place about four times too small; De odder balls dere 'll be dat night dey won't be near at all. Say!

Kitty will be dere! She 'll twirl wit' none but me; De odder duffs dat try to win her won't be in it. See? I'm on der floor committee, but I 'll shake dat graft fer Kitty. I'm goin' to wear a dress suit dat 'll cost me t'ree! Gee!

Dere 'll be a prize awarded fer de best dressed lady dere, A fourteen carat super dat ticks de time fer fair; I'm on der prize committee, also a little bit,— De goils are crazy fer dat watch, and so what they kin spare Goes fer a fancy costoom—der award is on de square. Nit!

Fer Kitty will be dere, she kin depend on me, De odder fellers' lady fren's dey won't be in it. See? I'm on der prize committee, so der super goes ter Kitty, Or dere's trouble fer de odders if my way dey don't agree. Whee!

Roy L. McCardell.

ALL ON ACCOUNT OF ROOSEVELT.

FIRST BROOKLYNITE.—No, sir; I used to be for consolidation, but I'm afraid of it, now.

SECOND BROOKLYNITE.—How is that?

FIRST BROOKLYNITE.—Why, just think of the possibility of having to go to Jersey City for a drink!



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AN EGOTIST.

HE.—You are so unlike other girls.
SHE.—Oh, you flatterer!

TIME CHANGES ALL THINGS.



IRATE MOTHER (after chastising son).—There, now! You muss your hair up in that manner again, and I'll give you a worse one.



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SAME MOTHER (twelve years later).—See, father, see! Here comes our Henry. Does n't he look grand and noble? Just look at his hair! There is n't another man on the eleven with a head of hair like that. Ah! I tell you, a boy like that does a parent proud!



THE OLD WAY WITH THE NEW WOMAN

SHE is beautiful, stately and tall,
With reposeful and elegant airs;
You may not believe it, but yet, all the same,
She 's the girl that I kissed on the stairs.

She 's college-bred, witty and wise,
And a red-sealed diploma she bears;
But that did n't count when we sat, at the dance,
In the twilight that shrouded the stairs.

She is studying Latin and Law;
She is tracking old crimes to their lairs, —
Which is all very well while she does n't forget
Who kissed her, last night, on the stairs.

She 's a woman that 's newer than new;
She everything ventures and dares;
She 'd preside at a club in a bicycle suit,
And she 'd sit out a dance on the stairs!

Do you think I 'm afraid? Not a whit!
I shan't kick at the costume she wears —
I have coaxed her to try orange blossoms and white, —
And she promised — last night on the stairs!

G. D. G.



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AN IRISH INSULT. AND HOW PAT APOLOGIZED.



H E HAD come to put in the coal. The cook lady and a visiting lady friend came out from the area to watch him do it. He lifted the coal-hole cover and dropped it on his foot. "Death and Ages!" was his first vociferation. Then followed a torrent of deep and bitter curses that would have wrinkled the tin roof had it been twenty feet nearer the sidewalk.

"The devil fly 'way wid it!" he finally added, when the pain subsided somewhat. But the expected sympathy was not forthcoming, either from the cook lady or her friend. In fact, the former was red in the face with suppressed indignation.

"How dare ye spake so in the prinsence of leddys?" she said; "it 's insulted we are!"

Despite the pain, his reply was ready. "Phwy, did ye undershtand phwut Oi wor sayin' in me agony?" he said.

"Faix an' I did, an' but too well!"

"Well, I have only this to say," was his remark; "any female phwut calls herself a leddy, phwut undershtands the sum and substince of me late remarks, is beyond insult." And, before the gasping cook lady could retort, he turned to her lady friend with: "Did you undershtand phwut I said?"

"I did not," was the quick reply.

"Then if ye did n't undershtand, how in th' devil could ye be insulted?"

And he turned to his work in triumph, while the cook lady and her friend retired in dignified haste to the kitchen window, to comment audibly on "tarrier impudence," and add, intentionally, to the upward tendency of their haughty noses when his work turned him toward the window.

R. L. Mc.

MOST OF the things we think we know we ought to know we only think.

ALMIGHTY ATHLETICS.

THE FRATER.—Was your son's college course a complete one?

THE PATER.—I believe not. I understand that a half-mile track was his limit.



AN EFFECTIVE ALIBI.

EASTERN VISITOR.—How was it you did not hang that last murderer? Did he establish an alibi?

QUICK DROP DAN.—That 's just what he did. When the sheriff went to the jail to hang him, he was n't there.

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THE FADDLEBY CHILDREN GO TO BED.

I.

THE FIRST LITTLE FADDLEBY.

SCENE—*The FADDLEBY'S Sitting Room. MR. FADDLEBY discovered sitting by the fire. He looks at the clock. The hands indicate the hour of ten. Enter MRS. FADDLEBY in a drooping condition.*



MRS. FADDLEBY.—Oh, Adelbert! I was so sorry to stay away so long from you; but, of course, I could n't leave baby.

MR. FADDLEBY.—No; of course not, dear.

MRS. FADDLEBY.—The dear little thing positively would n't go to sleep unless I held him in my arms, and it took the longest time. And do you know, my dear, I am afraid we shall have to get another nurse. What do you think that hateful Bridget wanted me to do?

MR. FADDLEBY.—I am sure I can't say, my dear.

MRS. FADDLEBY.—She positively wanted me to put baby in his crib and let him cry himself to sleep. Did you ever hear of such a thing?

MR. FADDLEBY (*shocked*).—I'll sack her to-morrow. But I thought you said, my dear, that she had very good references, and was a person of experience?

MRS. FADDLEBY.—Why, yes, dear; that's just what astonished me so much! Why, the creature says that she's been taking care of children for over twenty years! But we can't discharge her just yet. We must try to put up with her for another month. Mrs. Papley tells me she knows of such a nice young girl who's almost ready to graduate from the Kidderminster New-Culture Training-School for Domestic Nurses, and I'm sure she will be just what we want. (*Looking at the clock.*) Oh, dear! is it so late as that? I'll have to go to bed right off. Baby never wakes up less than five times in the night now; and I did so want to sit up with you and read you that beautiful article in last month's *Baby Babble* about the duty of a modern mother. Oh, Adelbert! don't you often think what an awful, beautiful responsibility has been confided to us, and how hard we ought to try to be worthy of it?

MR. FADDLEBY.—Yes, indeed, dear; often!

(*They clasp hands and gaze into the fire with moistened eyes. The Angel of Common Sense, hovering invisible in the background, beats his head against the wall, and ties himself in a double bow-knot of agony.*)

CURTAIN.

II.

THERE ARE TWO LITTLE FADDLEBYS UPSTAIRS.

SCENE—*The FADDLEBY'S Sitting Room. The hands of the clock point to nine. MR. FADDLEBY discovered alone. Sounds of an infantile duet float down from the nursery upstairs.*

MR. FADDLEBY (*calling*).—Now, Maria, if you want me to play checkers with you, you've got to come down now!

MRS. FADDLEBY (*from the nursery*).—Yes, dear; in a minute! Now, darlings, do be good, just to please Popper and Mommer. Nursie will stay with you while Mommer goes downstairs. And she'll sing to you, and you shall have the light.

MR. FADDLEBY (*calling with emphasis*).—Maria!!!

MRS. FADDLEBY (*from the nursery*).—I am coming, dear. Yes, darlings; you shall have two sugar-plums apiece, if you'll be good and let Mommer go down now. I am coming, Adelbert!

(*MR. FADDLEBY grunts. The Angel of Common Sense, hovering invisible in the middle distance, raises his drooping head, and a look of hope comes into his weary eyes.*)

CURTAIN.

III.

THREE LITTLE FADDLEBY'S GO TO BED.

SCENE—*The FADDLEBY'S Sitting Room. The clock shows the hour of eight. MR. FADDLEBY discovered alone. Sounds of high carnival float down from the nursery.*



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MADE HIM FEEL AT HOME.

PRISON INSPECTOR.—You say this man refuses to work, even after being kept in the dark cell two weeks! How's that?

WARDEN.—Oh, he does n't mind the dark cell a bit! You see, he used to board in a Harlem flat, and had an inside room!

MR. FADDLEBY (*calling*).—Maria!

MRS. FADDLEBY (*from the nursery*).—Yes, dear.

MR. FADDLEBY (*with decision*).—If you don't come down at once, I'll go up there; do you hear?

MRS. FADDLEBY (*from the nursery*).—Yes, dear; this very minute! Now, darlings, you've heard Popper; if you don't keep quiet, he'll come up here and speak real severely to you; I know he will. Nursie will sit right outside the door with the light.

(*Sound of a lady descending the stairs. The Angel of Common Sense, hovering invisible in the immediate foreground, smiles benignantly.*)

CURTAIN.

IV.

THE LITTLE FADDLEBY'S ARE FOUR.

SCENE—*The FADDLEBY'S Sitting Room. The hands of the clock point to half past seven.*

MR. FADDLEBY discovered sitting alone. One solitary wail floats down from the nursery. A door is heard to slam upstairs, followed by the sound of a lady descending the stairs.

MRS. FADDLEBY (*entering Sitting Room*).—Adelbert, that's Johnny crying; and he's doing it out of sheer contrariness. I wish you'd go right upstairs and punish him; and while you are about it, you might as well punish Mamie and Alexander. They've been just as bad as they could all day.

MR. FADDLEBY (*grimly, rising and removing his slipper*).—I guess I'll make a clean job of it all round. Billy left his molasses candy on my chair just now, and I've been sitting on it ever since he went to bed.

(*Sound of a gentleman ascending the stairs, with one slipper off and the other slipper on. This is followed by sounds like those which the cook*



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JUST BEFORE THE TROUBLE.

MR. WASHINGTON.—Is dishyer a game ob freeze-out?

MR. JACKSON.—Ob co'se not. Hit's table-stakes. Why you ax?

MR. WASHINGTON.—I wanter objec' to any moah cold decks; dat's all!

PUCK.



A COUNTRY OF MAGNIFICENT DISTANCES.

JOHNNY CRACKER (*on his first railroad trip*).—Is this yere Japan, Dad?
CRACKER, SR.—Lord! no, Johnny! This yere's Pensacola; Japan 's more 'n forty miles frum here.

makes when she throws the dough for the Maryland biscuit against the wall. These sounds are interspersed with wails in four different keys, succeeded by a sweet silence. Sound of a door slamming and a gentleman descending the stairs, with both slippers on.)

MR. FADDLEBY (*entering the Sitting Room*).—There! I guess I did that job up in good shape.

MRS. FADDLEBY.—Oh, thank you, dear, ever so much! I'll mix you your apple-toddy right away.

(The apple-toddy is mixed. Beautiful tableau of domestic happiness. The Angel of Common Sense, hovering invisible all about the room, smiles joyfully as he brightens the glow of the lamp, sets the fire to sparkling merrily, adds a fresh bloom to MRS. FADDLEBY'S cheek, and a more delicately aromatic flavor to MR. FADDLEBY'S toddy.)



VERY YOUNG.

MRS. ENDICOTT BEAN (*of Boston*).—Those people who have just moved next door have a child.

MR. ENDICOTT BEAN.—Well, I hope it is no young child!

MRS. ENDICOTT.—You will be disappointed. Why, it has n't got its first glasses yet!

CROSSING THE RUBICON.

The Brooklyn man has moved to town,
In a Harlem flat you'll find him;
The baby coach in the cellar down,
The bridge tickets burned behind him!

NEFARIOUS.

FIRST BROOKLYNITE.—Hear about that Anarchist plot said to have been discovered here?

SECOND BROOKLYNITE.—No; what is it?

FIRST BROOKLYNITE.—They are trying to get control of the trolley lines and run more cars.



NOT WITHOUT GLORY! OH, NO!

FOND MOTHER (*as her son starts for the foot-ball field*).—Now, Willy, promise me not to get hurt to-day.

FOOT-BALL PLAYING SON.—Why, Mother, what foolish fears! Of course I will not. This is a practice game. There will be no audience there.

IN THE NEW ERA.

MISS NEUWOMAN.—I saw Cholley Dudington out on the Boulevard yesterday on his bicycle, and, guess what?—he had on bloomers.

FAN DE SIÈCLE.—The brazen thing!

ALL IN THE FAMILY.

MRS. PINXTER (*proudly*).—My son is rapidly gaining fame and wealth as a painter!

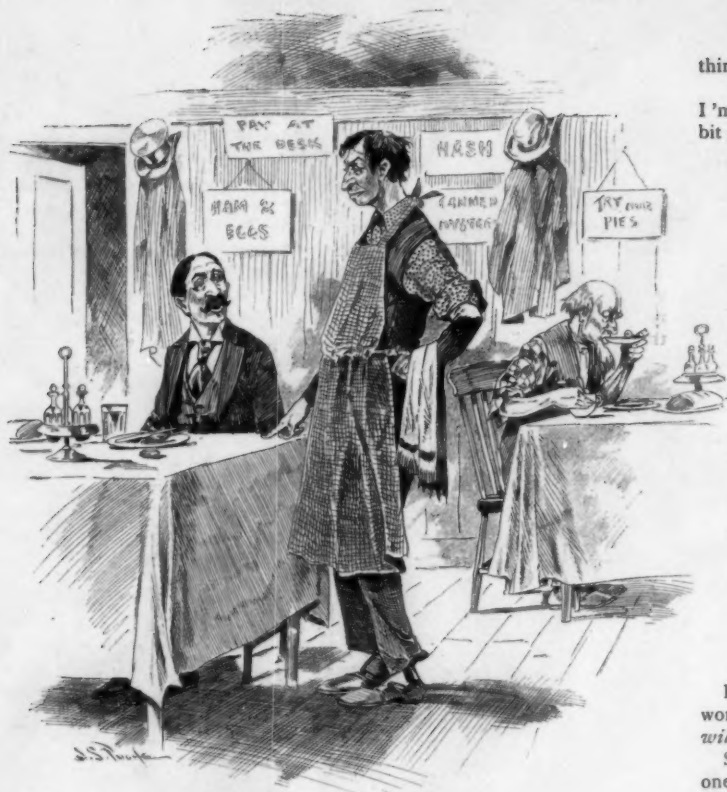
FRIEND.—Do tell! Does he inherit his talent?

MRS. PINXTER.—Yes; you know his Uncle Robert was a well-known photographer.

[T TAKES a bad man to be a good politician.

A THING OF BEAUTY is not always a joy forever—a fine complexion, for example.

IF PEOPLE would just tell us how not to make a mistake, instead of how not to have made a mistake, we'd get along better.



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NOTHING SO SMALL.

MR. CITIMAN (*dining at country restaurant*).—Now you can bring me a *demi-tasse*.

WAITER (*puzzled*).—What's that?

MR. CITIMAN.—Why, a small cup of coffee;—about half the regular size.

WAITER.—Say, we don't have less than a five-cent cup here.

IF THEY had their way about it, all the world would indeed be players.

HIS FOREMOST FEAR.

LORD BLESUGH.—Afraid to follow the hounds? Why, I did n't think you Americans were afraid of anything!

WOOL E. WEST.—Well, I ain't much of a horseman, and blamed if I'm going to take the chances of one of them blooded horses taking the bit and running clean off your little island with me!

APPRECIATED.

I KNOW a girl who soon will wed
A man, not great, exactly,
Yet some one fancies him, 't is said,
With virtues filled compactly.

The person thinks this same young man
Has manners quite as courtly
As Chesterfield, and that he can
Not help be famous shortly.

And also thinks him strangely brave,
And handsome, strong, athletic,
And deems this little world his slave—
Such love 's in fact pathetic.

Somebody thinks that when he sings
The angels, listening, hover:—
It's not this girl who thinks these things;
Oh, no!—but it's her lover.

Layton Brewer.

MAKING HIM OUT WITH IT.

HEAD NURSE.—That self-poisoning case won't give an account of himself, and says he *will* die.

SURGEON (*reaching for apparatus*).—Ah! one of those fellows who won't be pumped, eh? Well, we'll bring it out of him!

SELF-PRESERVATION is the first law of nature, with lying a close second.

THE NEW WOMAN is only the old one made over. And, sometimes, the job is n't done very well, either.

THE FOOL at forty was probably an infant prodigy at four.



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A COSTLY ACCIDENT.



BYSTANDERS (*in horror, as the front of a building in course of construction falls on passer-by*).—Oh! is n't that awful! Ring for the fire department! Call an ambulance!



CHARLEY HARDNUT (*the celebrated half-back, emerging from the debris*).—Well! That'll just cost that contractor a new hat; that's what!



PUCK,
PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

The subscription price of PUCK is \$3.00 per year.
\$2.50 for six months. \$1.25 for three months.
Payable in advance.

Keppler & Schwarzmann,
Publishers and Proprietors.

Editor - - - - - H. C. Bunner.

Wednesday, November 27th, 1895. — No. 977.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

**THE TIGER
ON
HEALTH DIET.**

I.
IF THANKSGIVING don't mean Turkey,
What does Thanksgiving mean?
Shall a hard-workin' animile
Give thanks for gettin' lean?
Oh, yes, I know, we done it—
We done it up in style;
And them vindicated fellers
Can p'raps afford to smile.

II.
Them Nobs is vindicated,
And elegant, you bet;
But where 's the Boys that done it,
And ain't got nothin' yet?
I never minded workin'
When things was s'posed to
foller—
But them folks' vindication
Don't stuff—my turkey's holler!

III.
Who 'd ever think reformers
Was any earthly use?
Yet when they git the orfises
They don't let none go loose.
They lock up every scrap of meat
Inside their pantry shelves—
But they 'll leave you vindications—
for
They don't want none themselves.

IV.
One freezin' year we 've suffered,
Out hungry in the cold,
A-longin' for the drumsticks
Of the turk we had of old.
We wrestled with that white-robed herd
And t'run the angels down—
And we don't get a place to feed our
face
In this corrupted town!

V.
We done it! Oh, we done it!
But now where are we at?
The Monkey gets the chestnuts;
But the Monkey ain't the
Cat.
We done the Loyal Following;
We done the solid work—
The Nobs gits vindication—
The Reformers gits the Turk!

**DUNRAVEN'S
DISTINCTION.** IT HAS been frequently observed by British critics who have enjoyed the advantages of foreign travel, and have thereby been enabled to compare their own race with the rest of the world, that if you scratch the external polish of the English gentleman too deeply, you are sure to find the snob underneath. But it is unfortunately true, also, that if you scratch through the layer of snob you will find the cad at the core. People in this country have been unwilling to accept an idea so unpleasant; and have wished to think better of the only nation allied to us by blood and language. This certainly has shown a kindly and charitable spirit; but there would have been a good deal more practical worldly wisdom in following the example of older and more experienced peoples, like the French and German, who restrict their social intercourse with the Briton to state occasions, well knowing that British nobility and gentleness are for exhibition purposes only, and not to be exposed to any active wear. This too-hopeful expansion of American good-nature has brought about results which will doubtless serve to teach a lesson when somebody takes the trouble to write up the long record of British abuse of American hospitality and courtesy, and the deep disgracefulness of the conduct of the average Briton who comes over here to claim consideration as a "sportsman." But until that chronicle is written—it ought to be published in a style uniform with "Burke's Peerage"—we shall have to content ourselves with watching the individual Briton, when things have not gone his own way, expose for himself the internal construction of his morals and manners as only an infuriated Englishman can.

Of all our visiting Englishmen who have indulged in this form of unpleasant but instructive hari-kari, the latest is certainly the greatest in the rapidity and completeness with which he has divested himself of every last shred of an outer husk of good breeding and common decency. It has taken him only three short months to prove that he is *all* the things that a gentleman can not be. Before he left this side of the water he had proved himself a coward, or something pretty near it; a prevaricator, if not a liar; a trickster, willing to claim a race

won only by his fouling of his opponent; a cry-baby, a quitter and a sulk. Now, any one would have thought that this exhibition of his real character was quite enough for any man to make, who was only trying to prove his own lack of self-respect; but it did not satisfy Dunraven. Leaving his yacht behind him, to have her ready for future races, he returns to his native isle, and after the lapse of many weeks, sends forth a gross and outrageous accusation of fraud, making against gentlemen who were lately his hosts and courteous competitors, a charge so monstrous that it is hard to believe that it could come from a sane man. Certainly, if the man *is* sane, it must be a miracle of caddish callousness and obtuseness which can make him believe that any American breathes who would think of racing with the boat he has left on this side of the water, or who would in any way recognize its owner. As a yachtsman, we trust Lord Dunraven's career is ended; but he will always hold the unique record for rapid and thorough disclosure of his real self as the most picturesque and complete cad that ever was hid under the outward disguise of a gentleman and a sportsman.

A WARNING.

Just a word of warning, Reader. The year has been so distractingly full of excitement that the chances are you have forgotten to anticipate the treat PUCK has in store for you. Well, you want to begin right away. You have no time to lose. You have just one solid week of anticipation before the X-MAS PUCK gladdens your eyes in all its brilliant reality. Just take your mind off politics, pugilism, foot-ball, bicycling, the New Woman, golf, theatricals, the weather, and all the other petty affairs that have engaged your mind, and anticipate the next issue of PUCK—not forgetting that it is to be the X-MAS PUCK. Anticipate for all you're worth! Form Anticipation Clubs! Put in ten hours a day at it, and even then you will have fallen short of the real thing. For this X-MAS PUCK is the crowning glory of all X-MAS PUCKS that have made life worth living. We hate to boast—with a hatred that is implacable—but this one is a Hummer! Every one of its 48 pages bears story and song and picture; but the burden is light, for all are mirthful. The gifted beings that unite their genius to produce PUCK have simply humped themselves this year.

You are to have a little play by Bunner—and pictures daintily colored, by Taylor, Oppen, Dalrymple, Howarth, Ehrhart, Hutchins and Pughe—and pure fun edged in between—the output of the best humorists of this country from Maine to Mendocino. And in the thrill of your anticipation do not let these important facts make their escape: X-MAS PUCK will cost 25 cents. It may be had from all newsdealers—or from the publishers, Keppler & Schwarzmann, PUCK Building, New York.



DUNRAVEN, THE DESPERATE.

HE CAN'T REACH HER WITH HIS MUD, ANY MORE THAN
HE COULD WITH HIS YACHT.

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NOT THIS THANKS

UNCLE SAM. — Well, gentlemen, I 've already got my turkey for this year;

CK.



J.S. Ruckel

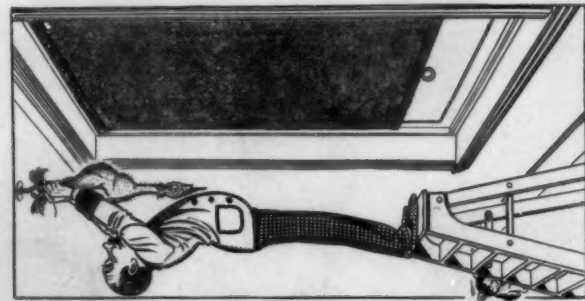
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THANKSGIVING.

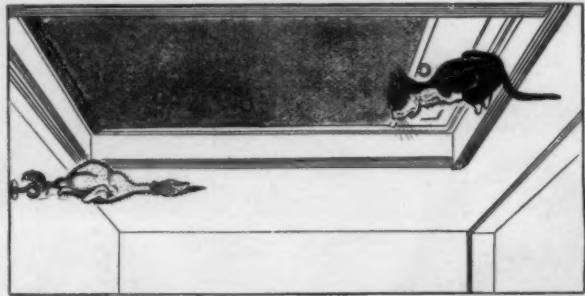
... for this year; but I may do some shopping with you next season!

FELINE STRATEGY; OR, HOW A THANKSGIVING DINNER WAS LOST AND WON.

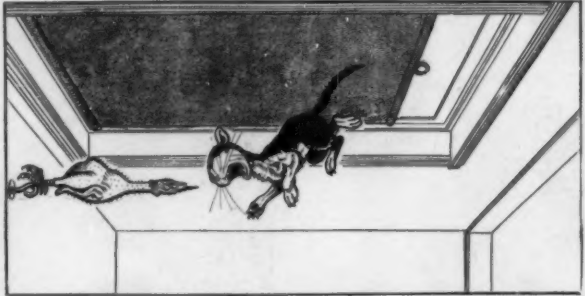
CHARLES, SON OF RUPPOLD & SONNENBERG.



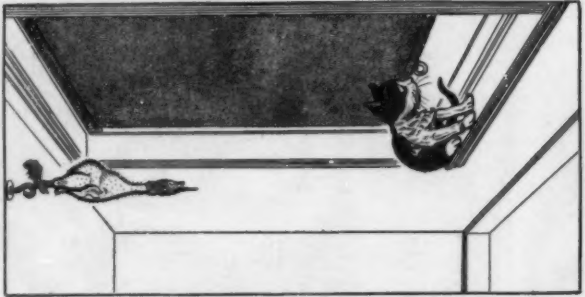
Mr. SMART.—That confounded cat stole our turkey last year; but you can bet I'll hang it where he can't reach it this year.



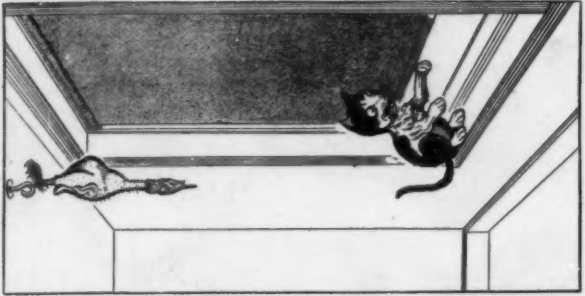
THOMAS.—This is an outrage! I don't believe I can reach it, but I'll try.



"Confound it! I can jump, but I've got to have wings to reach that!



"They say where there's a will there's a way, and I will have it! Now, one—two—three!



"I can hold on that ring all right. Now, one—two—three!



"And up we go! This shade has good strong springs, you bet!

AN UNHEEDED LESSON.

"The press is a great educator."
"Oh, I am not so sure about it! There are many people who still write on both sides of the paper."

VIGOROUS.

DUSTY RHODES.
—How's your appetite these days?
FITZ WILLIAM.
—I've got to a point where it makes me hungry to eat.

KNEW HIM.

WOOL.—Have you ever met Dr. Emdee, the skin specialist?

VAN PELT.—You bet! I was one of the first ones he skinned.

ENCOURAGEMENT.

JONES.—I think I'll have to give up smoking for good. It will come pretty hard, I suppose.

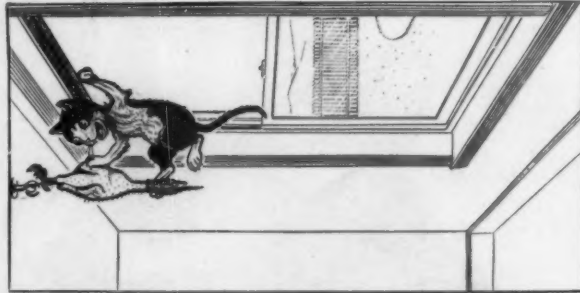
JUDSON.—Not at all! I've done it lots of times.

THEIR HANDS KEPT GOING.

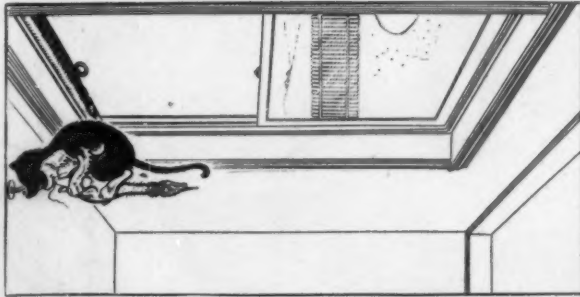
FIRST DEAF MUTE.—What is the matter? You seem to be disturbed.

SECOND DEAF MUTE.—Yes; there were two Hebrews on the cars this morning, and their loud talking annoyed me.

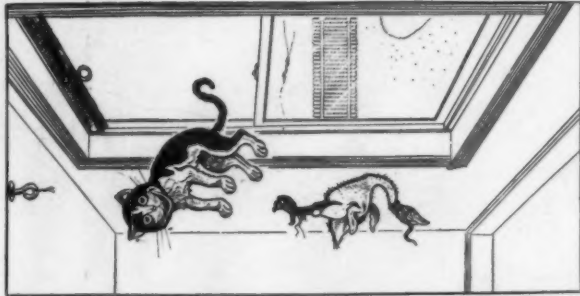
IT'S A CRECULOUS world — every man believes in himself.



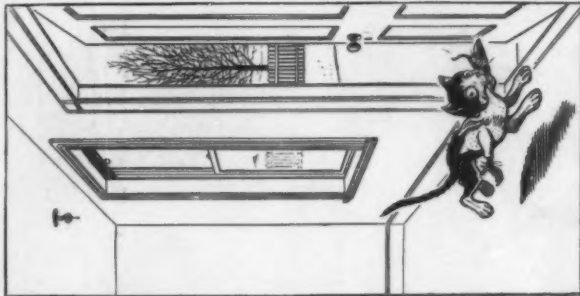
"Out of my reach, eh? Not much!



"And as for chewing strings, I'm a peach!



"A few bruises won't hurt the fowl, and we people always land on our feet.



"Oh, say! Me and that girl of mine will have a feast to-night!"



Mr. SMART / Thanksgiving Day morning, as he comes to get the turkey for cook. — ! * * * ! ! ! ! * * * ! ! ! * * * ! ! !

LIEBIG

COMPANY'S

EXTRACT

OF BEEF

Stands high in public esti-

above competition since 1885.

caps this column and forms

the great chemist, Baron

dorsed it and allowed the use

cles the shaft. The Liebig

parts of the cattle,

which thus support this

mation and has been declared

A jar of this perfect product

a monument to its inventor,

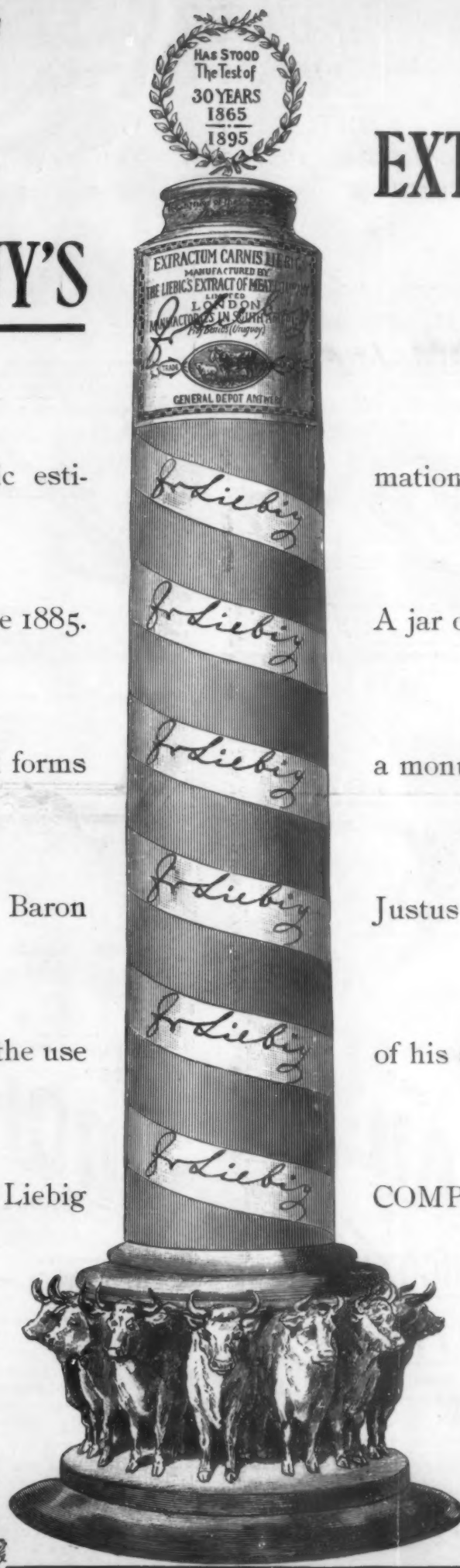
Justus von Liebig, who en-

of his signature, which encir-

COMPANY use only the best

raised by themselves,

column of success.



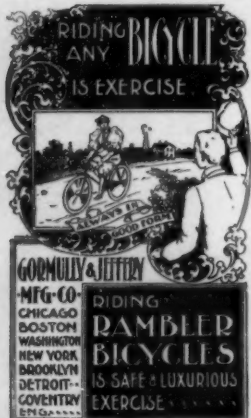
THE CELEBRATED
SOHMER
Pianos are the Best.
Warerooms: 149-155 E. 14th St., New York.
CAUTION.—The buying public will please not con-
found the SOHMER Piano with one of a similarly
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Cry
FOR PITCHER'S
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Castoria promotes Digestion, and
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Thus the child is rendered healthy and its
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"Castoria is so well adapted to children that
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CANDY
Send \$1.25, \$2.50, or \$5.00 for a
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or west of New York. Suitable
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solicited. Address,
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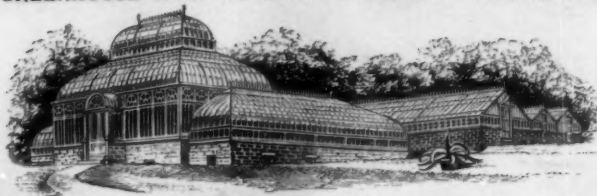


"This coat I bought
of you, Isaac, has the
poorest cloth of any-
thing I ever saw."
"But, mein freint,
just consider the
length of it."
—Peck's Sun.

LAUTIER Fils
OLIVE Oil.
GEORGE LUDERS & CO., New York. Wholesale Agents.

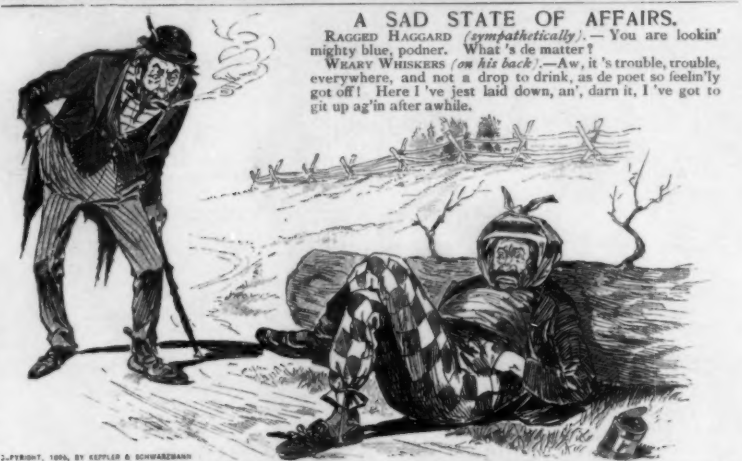
"HELP! Help!"
yelled the man.
"As there is no doc-
tor within hailing dis-
tance," said the high-
wayman, "I think I
can relieve you."
—Norristown Herald.

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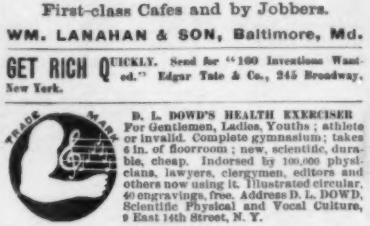


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MAIL POUCH
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PURE HARMLESS SATISFYING
NICOTINE NEUTRALIZED

GOUT? SCHERING'S PIPERAZIN WATER WILL CURE IT.
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PAMPHLET FREE.
LEHN & FINK, Agents, New York.
RECOMMENDED FOR
Gravel, Calculus, Lazy
Liver, and all Uric
Acid Troubles.

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Absolutely Pure Old Rye Whiskey
10 YEARS OLD.
FOR CLUB, FAMILY AND MEDICINAL USE.
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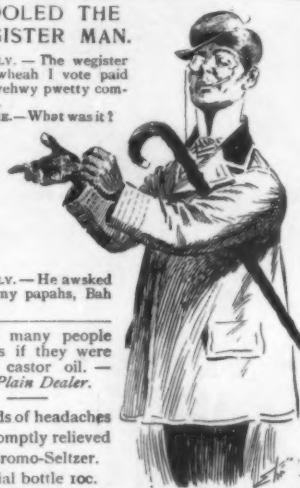
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BERTIE.—What was it?



CHOLLY.—He awsked to see my papahs, Bah Jove!

Too many people pray as if they were taking castor oil. — **Cleve. Plain Dealer.**

All kinds of headaches promptly relieved By **Bromo-Seltzer.** Trial bottle 10c.

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HIS VIEW.

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SECOND BICYCLIST.—They do, eh? Another case of discriminating against the masses for the benefit of a favored few who don't ride.

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Springs 1 and 2.—For Bright's Disease of the Kidneys, Urlic Acid Diathesis, Gout, Rheumatism, Nervous Prostration, &c.

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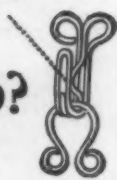
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See that

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Is the best,
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LOGICAL.

SHE.—I can't make up my mind whether to marry you or Jack. He has more money than you.

HE.—But if he married you he would n't.

KNOWLEDGE AND MONEY.

RAGGS.—Some people have more money than they know what to do with.

TAGGS.—They seem to know what to do with the dimes I ask them for.

—*Detroit Free Press*.



Before breakfast Bromo-Seltzer
Acts as a bracer. Trial bottle 10c.

Good Champagne repairs waste. If you feel tired try a bottle of Cook's Extra Dry Imperial Champagne; bouquet unrivalled.

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PROSPERITY is one of the things we don't think we have until we lose it.—*Detroit Free Press*.

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Beer is famous.
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PABST MALT EXTRACT
There is substance to it; it is vivifying, life producing; gives vim and bounce—it braces.
The "BEST" Tonic...

THE HISTORY OF BREWING BEGINS WITH EGYPT

WHEN men get in earnest about quitting their meanness, they stop asking who Cain's wife was.—*Ram's Horn*.

GLORIOUS NEWS.

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Overcoats and Winter wraps will be in fashion. They can be discarded, temporarily, while traveling in the steam heated trains of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway. For solid comfort, for speed and for safety, no other line can compare with this great railway of the West.

SHE.—I hear Miss Bloomer is in love with her wheel.

HE.—Yes; and now the wheel is all "broken up."—*Yonkers Statesman*.

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE MRS. WINNLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and diarrhoea. 25 cents a bottle.

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English, Irish and Scotch Suitings,
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WHAT ARE THEY?

They are the finest French Gelatine Capsules, filled with Armour's Extract of Beef (which means absolute purity); sufficiently flavored to suit the average taste, and are prepared with the most scrupulous care and cleanliness.

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You drop one in a teacupful (5 ounces) of boiling water, stir thoroughly; it will quickly dissolve, and you then have a delicious and wholesome drink of **BEEF TEA**.

Large boxes, (holding 12 Capsules) 50 cents each.
Small " " " " 25 " "

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SKIN and SCALP

Odors from Perspiration

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"Antiseptic, Soothing and Healing."
—*Medical Chronicle*.

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Developing and Printing Outfit, " " 1.50

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PUCK of next week is the **CHRISTMAS PUCK**.

25c. All Dealers. 25c.

AFTER listening to all his wife learned at the sewing society, a man finds a glorious opportunity to tell how he detests gossip.—*Atchison Globe*.

As a sure specific against all troubles of the stomach, and also as an appetizer, and for the preparation of the refined drinks of the bar, nothing is superior to **BOKER'S BITTERS**. Renowned since 1828.



Mr. Dawkins.—Tell you what, Mother, if ever two people had cause to be happy this Thanksgiving it is us! Just think of it—six daughters married in one year!



"Welcome, all of you! Get your things off quick, and let's be jolly!"



"Heavens! It's worse than a foundling asylum!"



"I can't stand this another minute! Any place for peace and quiet!"



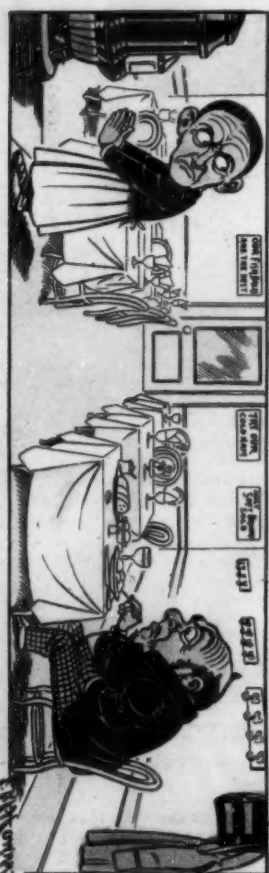
Mr. Dawkins.—Mary and Jenny married last Thanksgiving Day; Maud and Ethel last Christmas, and Clara and Maggie last January. We'll have them all here for dinner Thanksgiving Day. Write the invitations at once. Hoop la! for a good old time!



"And here come the rest of you. That's right—bring the babies! Oh, this is a great day!"



"Babies everywhere—kitchen, parlor and dining-room full of them, and here's one in the library—this is too much!"



(This is not the dinner he expected to eat, but it is quiet here; and it will be just as quiet at his house next Thanksgiving.)